

### Never Give Up.

In the world that lies before you  
There is much for you to win;  
But beforehand you must conquer  
Foes without and foes within.  
And if now your foes can rout you,  
Then when life's real battles call,  
Will you, in their heat and struggle,  
Victor stand, or vanquished fall?

Never say that fate's against you,  
That you cannot conquer luck;  
There is no such thing as either—  
All depends on work and pluck.  
Only rise resolved to conquer,  
Never mind how tough the fray;  
Put your hands and brains in motion,  
And, be sure, you'll gain the day.

### Origin of the Word Chicago.

The Menominee have a tradition to the effect that some Pottawotamie Indians used to live at the marshes where the city of Chicago is now situated. These Indians reported good hunting, so that when some Menominee went there for game their dogs would bark during the night; but every time the hunters arrived at the spot they found that only skunks had caused the alarm.

The Objibwa relate a story of an Ottawa hunter and his wife who lived with that tribe farther north on the shore of Lake Michigan. Taking his wife with him, this hunter went southward to hunt on a lake somewhere between the present cities of Chicago and Milwaukee. When he reached the lake, where he had the previous year caught beaver, it was still covered with ice, but on sounding it with a piece of wood, he soon discovered the thinner places where the animals had congregated. He therefore broke holes at these weak points in the ice for the beaver to emerge and then went to his wigwam to get his traps in readiness. The hunter's wife chanced to pass one of these holes, and discovering a beaver

on the ice quickly caught it by the tail before it could escape into the water, and called to her husband to come and kill it. The husband replied that he would not come, saying that if he killed that beaver the others might become frightened and escape from the lake by some other openings in the ice. At this the woman became angry and a quarrel resulted.

Later in the day the hunter went out to examine the holes which he had made and to make others where necessary. This task completed, he returned to the wigwam, but found his wife gone. Thinking that she might have gone only to visit a friend and that she would return before the night was over, he went to sleep. On the following morning his wife was still absent, so the hunter searched for her footprints and found from them that she had gone toward the south. Knowing that no Ottawa lived in that direction, he started in pursuit. As he progressed, he observed that her footprints gradually changed in outline, becoming more and more like those of a skunk. He followed the trail until it ended in a marsh, where Chicago now stands. Here he found the heads of the skunks protruding from the grass in every direction, but he refrained from killing any of them, lest he might take the life of his own wife. On the following day, he continued the search, making it his object to find a large skunk, thinking that probably his wife might have been transformed into a skunk of much greater size than the ordinary animal. Failing to find any trace of his wife the hunter returned to his people, and for the reason that this woman was changed into a skunk for her undutiful conduct the locality was called in Indian "Chi-ca-go," i. e. "place of the skunks."

*Dr. Hoffman, Eth. Ann 14*

You fight a man by facing him; a woman by turning your back on her.